# WEEKLY VISITOR,

VOLUME III.

OR,

# LADIES' MISCELLANY.

"TO WAKE THE SOUL BY TENDER STROKES OF ART,
"TO RAISE THE GENIUS AND TO MEND THE HEART."

No. 47] SATURDAY, AUGUST 24, 1805 [WHOLE No. 151


## FAMILY PRIDE, *and* PARENTAL CRUELTY.

*Exemplified in the interesting History of Mons. and Madame du F——*

*(From Letters written in France in the Summer of 1790. By Miss Helen Maria Williams.)*

*(Continued from Page 361.)*

MONS. du F—— arrived at his father's chateau in Normandy, in June, 1788, and was received by Mons. le baron, and all his family with the most affectionate cordiality. In much exultation of mind, he dispatched a letter to Madame du F——, containing this agreeable intelligence; but his letter was far from producing in her mind the effect he desired. A deep melancholy had seized her thoughts, and her forboding heart refused to sympathize in his joy. Short indeed was its duration. He had not been many days at the chateau, when he perceived, with surprize and consternation, that his steps were continually watched by two servants armed with fusees.

His father now showed him an arret, which on the fourth of June, 1776, he had obtained from the parliament of Rouen against his marriage. The baron then ordered his son to accompany him to his house at Rouen, whither they went, attended by several servants. That evening when the attendants withdrew after supper, the baron entirely throwing off the mask of civility and kindness, which he had worn with such opposition to his nature, reproached his son, in terms of the utmost bitterness, for his past conduct, inveighed against his marriage, and after having exhausted every expression of rage and resentment, at length suffered him to retire to his own apartment.

There the unhappy Mons. du F—— absorbed in the most gloomy reflections, lamented in vain that fatal credulity which had led him to put himself into the power of his implacable father. At the hour of midnight his meditations were interrupted by the sound of feet approaching his chamber; and in a few moments the door was thrown open, and his father, attended by a servant armed, and two cavaliers de Marechaussee*, entered the room. Resistance and supplication were alike unavailing. Mons. du F——'s papers were seized; a few louis d'ors, which constituted all the money he possessed, were taken from him; and he was conducted in the dead of night, July the 7th, 1778, to St. Yon, a convent used as a place of confinement at Rouen, where he was thrown into a dungeon.

A week after his father entered the dungeon. You will perhaps conclude that his hard heart felt at length the relentings of a parent. You will at least suppose, that his imagination being haunted and his conscience tormented with the image of a son stretched on the floor of this subterraneous cell, he could support the idea no longer, and had hastened to give repose to his own mind by releasing his captive. Far different were the motives of his visit. He considered that such was his son's attachment to his wife, that so long as he believed he had left her in possession of seven hundred pounds, he would find comfort in that consideration, even in the depth of his dungeon. His father, therefore, hastened to remove an error from the mind of his son, which left the measure of his woes unfilled. Nor did he chuse to leave to another the office of inflicting a pang sharper than captivity; but himself informed his son, that the merchant, who was to pay the seven hundred pounds to his wife was declared a bankrupt.

A short time after, the baron du F—— commenced a suit at law against that agent of iniquity whom he had employed to deceive his son, and who, practising a refinement of treachery of which the baron was not aware, had kept the seven hundred pounds, with which he was entrusted, and given drafts upon a merchant who he knew would fail before the time of payment. Not being able to prosecute this affair with-

* *Officers of justice.*

out a power of attorney from his son, the baron applied to him for that purpose. But Mons. du F——, being firmly resolved not to deprive his wife of the chance of recovering the money for herself and her child, could by no intreaties or menaces be led to comply. In vain his father, who had consented to allow him a few books; ordered him to be deprived of that resource, and that his confinement should be rendered still more rigorous; he continued inflexible.

Mons. du F——remained in his prison without meeting with the smallest mark of sympathy from any one of his family, though his second brother Mons. du B——, was now eighteen years of age; an age at which the sordid considerations of interest, how much soever they may affect our conduct at a more advanced period of life, can seldom stifle those warm and generous feelings which seem to belong to youth. It might have been expected that this young man would have abhorred the prospect of possessing a fortune which was the just inheritance of his brother, and which could only be obtained by detaining that brother in perpetual captivity. Even admitting that his inexorable father prohibited his visiting the prison of his brother, his heart should have told him that disobedience in this instance, would have been virtue. Or, was it not sufficient to remain a passive spectator of injustice; without becoming, as he afterwards did, the agent of cruelty inflicted on a brother!

Where are the words that can convey an adequate idea of the sufferings of Madame du F—— during this period? Three weeks after her husband's departure from England, she heard the general report of the town of Rouen, that the baron du F—— had obtained a letter de cachet against his son, and thrown him into prison. This was all she heard of her husband for the space of two years. Ignorant of the place of his confinement, uncertain if he still lived, perhaps her miseries were even more poignant than his. In the dismal solitude of a prison, his pains were alleviated by the soothing reflection that he suffered for her he loved; while that very idea was to her the most bitter aggravation of distress. Her days passed in anguish which can only be conceived where it has been felt, and her nights were disturbed by the gloomy wanderings of fancy. Sometimes she saw him in her dreams chained to the floor of his dungeon, his bosom bathed in blood, and his countenance disfigured by death. Sometimes she saw him hastening towards her, when at the moment he was going to embrace her, they were fiercely torn asunder.

Madame du F—— was naturally of a delicate constitution, and grief of mind reduced her to such a deplorable state of weakness that it was with infinite difficulty she performed the duties of her situation. For herself she would have welcomed death with cheerfulness; but she considered that her child now depended entirely on her labors for support; and this was a motive sufficiently powerful to prompt her to the careful preservation of her own life, though it had long become a burden. The child was three years old when her father left England; recollected him perfectly; and whenever her mother went to visit her, used to call with eagerness for her papa. The enquiry in the voice of her child, of, "When shall I see my dear, dear papa?" was heard by this unhappy mother with a degree of agony which it were vain indeed to attempt to describe.

Mons. du F—— was repeatedly offered his liberty, but upon conditions which he abhorred. He was required forever to renounce his wife; who, while she remained with her child in a distant country, was to receive from his father a small pension, as an equivalent for the pangs of disappointed affection, of disgrace and dishonor. With the indignation of offended virtue he spurned at these insulting propositions, and endeavored to prepare his mind for the endurance of perpetual captivity.

Nor can imagination form an idea of a scene more dreadful than his prison, where he perceived with horror that the greatest number of those prisoners who had been many years in confinement, had an appearance of frenzy in their looks, which showed that reason had been too weak for the long struggle with calamity, and had at last yielded to despair. In a cell adjoining Mons. du F——'s was an old man, who had been confined nearly forty years. His grey beard hung down to his waist, and during the day he was chained by his neck to the wall. He was never allowed to leave his cell, and never spoke but Mons. du F—— used to hear the rattling of his chains.

The prisoners, a few excepted, were generally brought from their cells at the hour of noon, and dined together. But this gloomy repast was served in uninterrupted silence. They were not suffered to utter one word, and the penalty of transgressing this rule was a rigorous confinement of several weeks. As soon as this comfortless meal was finished, the prisoners were instantly obliged to return to their dungeons, in which they were locked up till the same hour the following day. Mons. du F——, in his damp and melancholy cell, passed two winters without fire, and suffered so severely from cold, that he was obliged to wrap himself up in the few clothes which covered his bed. Nor was he allowed any light, except that which during the short day beamed through the small grated window in the ceiling of his dungeon.

Is it not difficult to believe that these sufferings were inflicted by a father? A father!—that name which I cannot trace without emotion; which conveys all the ideas of protection, of security, of tenderness;—that dear relation to which, in general, children owe their prosperity, their enjoyments, and even their virtues!—Alas, the unhappy Mons. du F—— owed nothing to *his* father, but that life, which from its earliest period his cruelty had embittered, and which he now condemned to languish in miseries that death only could heal.

*(To be continued.)*

## THE ENEMIES.

TWO sworn enemies had embarked in the same ship. One had stationed himself in the prow, and the other in the stem of the vessel. A storm suddenly arose, and they were in danger of perishing every moment. He who sat in the stem then solicited the pilot to tell him, which part of the vessel would first be under water. The pilot informed him the prow. Then, says he, my death will not be painful, for I shall see my enemy first die.

*(From the New-York Magazine.)*

## PHILOSOPHY OF LADIES.

*Ladies are Philosophers, and have long actually practised what Physicians have but lately discovered in Theory, as appears by the following Letter to a Lady, in this City, and recommended to the attention of Philosophers.*

[*Ascribed to Dr. Mitchill.*]

RECOLLECTING the conversation which passed between us when I last enjoyed your delightful society, I now undertake the fulfilment of the promise I made you to state my thoughts on the subject upon paper. You remember I listened to you very attentively while you expressed tender concern for your friends in Philadelphia during the prevalence of the plague this season.

The discourse turned upon the greater probability of the ladies escaping it than the gentlemen should, because their greater temperance was a better security against the pestilential poison. Upon this I ventured to observe, that, besides their preferable constitution of body in such perilous times, they had better management and contrivance for the preservation and extinguishment of contagion at all times, than the men; and if the officers of police and commissioners of infection understood their business as well as their wives and housekeepers do, we should not have such frequent and terrible visitations of sickness in particular places.

It is a stale and indelicate subject of jesting among the men, how much time is consumed, and how much labor and money expended by the women in scrubbing, scowering, whitening, washing, and cleaning. They cause these operations to be performed, not for the mere pleasure of doing them, but to prevent the conversion of common dirtiness to infection, and to destroy infection if already produced. These desireable ends they accomplish, by means that have answered for the purpose of many centuries. Their experience is decisive on the point, and I feel ashamed when I confess to you the almost total inattention with which men have treated these important discoveries in house-wifery. So perfectly do skilful mistresses of families understand these rules of health, that there is no instance of infection breaking out in houses where female orders have been obeyed. If mischief of this sort arises, it commonly proceeds from the disobedience or perverseness of the men.

It will be amusing to review the different modes of proceeding to accomplish the salutary purposes of removing foulness and infection from clothes, houses, and their inhabitants. The women employ calcareous earth or lime to whiten their walls, and often renew the application of it; and very justly; it stands ready to absorb the septic acid vapors which render the air pestilential, and instantly neutralize them. Even their rooms, if papered, are covered with hangings, whose colors and ornaments are mingled and daubed on with a calcareous ground. They apply *hot-ash and its ley* to search the porous materials of their floors and stair-cases, to purify garments that have become foul, and to restore to cleanness every thing that has been soiled or contaminated by long use or wearing; and with good reason: the saline substances are capable of drawing forth and rendering harmless, those animal exhalations which are ever ready to turn to pestilential poison. They use soap to answer the same purposes, and find it restore unclean things of almost every description to purity, by overcoming their dangerous and virulent taints.

All those unwholsome fluids with which houses, furniture and clothes become impregnated, are thus completely neutralized or destroyed by lime, potash and soap, when applied under female management, in private dwellings.

Turn your attention now to the progress of things when men undertake house-keeping. *Prisons* are public dwelling houses, and generally under the management of men. Through neglect of the precautions so efficaciously employed in well ordered families, infectious distempers are bred in those abodes of filth and wretchedness. *Ships* are floating houses, in which the management is almost wholly in the hands of men. Through carelessness in applying the known preventives, infection of the most malignant quality is engendered. *Cities* are collections of human habitations, and the regulations of streets, wharves and yards, are chiefly devised and executed by the men. For want of care in employing these antidotes of contagion, the existing causes of fevers and plagues are manufactured. If the keepers of jails, the masters of vessels, and the magistrates of towns, would condescend to learn a little instruction from their wives and mothers, pestilential air would as certainly be prevented or destroyed in prisons, ship and cities, as it is in private houses.

But men are apt to be proud of their own attainments, and feel a repugnance to borrow knowledge from the females of their families. They contract an aversion for the common mode of house cleaning (in early life), and their prejudice is so strong, that they never can be reconciled to it afterwards. They put me in mind of some perverse boys, who at school become disgusted with the bible, and never in their lives read it any more. They make themselves merry on the subject of mops and brushes, and undertake new methods of destroying foulness and infection. They turn philosophers, and bestow vast pains to find out what is the cause of so much mischief. They dispute what is the difference between contagion and infection? Whether they are general or specific? Of domestic origin or foreign introduction? Of animal or vegetable nature? Stimulants or sedatives? Acting upon the nervous system, or upon the blood? Finding themselves puzzled in these enquiries, they gravely conclude there is some deep mystery in the matter, which cannot be understood; and, of course, whenever, by their neglect, sickness ensues from accumulated poison, the terrible evil must be prevented by cutting off intercourse, stopping the stages, making vessels perform quarantine, and a number of other inconvenient regulations. Whereas, if they would but encounter pestilence with the same weapons that women do, it would always be kept under, and health and order prevail in society without interruption.

As soon as they set up for philosophers, they may be generally despaired of. They become so wondrous knowing and so vain of displaying their knowledge by new methods in these innovating and revulutionary times, that the ancient maxims of government in families, as well as in communities, are disregarded or rejected. And you see in this as in other instances they have passed from the system in which they had been educated, into the direct opposite, The ladies have proved, by experience as old at least as the establishment of

the feudal laws in Europe, *that infection was uniformly prevented and extinguished by Alkalis.* The men of modern days, for the sake of showing their superior science, declare *that acids only will counteract and get the better of it.* Look at their proceedings, and with me laugh at them as you look. They pretty much agree that their acids must be rendered active and penetrating, by being converted into smoke or vapor. One fumigates a chamber with the acid of burning *tar*; another sprinkles *vinegar* about the floors; a third relies most upon the acid steams of burning *brimstone*; a fourth undertakes to clear the house by *gun-powder*; a fifth tries the superior virtues of the volatile vapors of the *spirit of salt*; others have relied upon fumigation with *charcoal*; and, to complete the ridiculousness of their proceedings, they now pretend to have discovered a certain remedy for an infectious atmosphere, in the steams of the *acid of putrefaction itself.* And when we have done laughing by ourselves, we will invite the whole sex to join the laugh. I love to laugh at the philosophers. And in few instances have they more richly deserved to be laughed at than in the present. Philosophy has very seldom been laid open so completely to the attacks of wit in comedy and satire. It has constantly been clouded in smoke. All sorts of acid exhalations have encompassed it thickly. Like one of Macbeth's witches, she has been made to circle round the pot wherein the powerful drugs were put. "Double double, toil and trouble, fire burn and cauldron bubble," were the words she was made to repeat. Thus have they exhibited her, as a hag; but she shall soon escape from their tyranny, beautiful and engaging as ever, and leave the philosophers to enjoy themselves in the midst of the smoke they have raised.—The history of these fumigations would make a curious volume. It would show philosophy led astray from the plain path of common sense, and with her guides and companions completely bewildered and lost.

It is for the ladies to bring the wanderers back and put them in their right course again. But in doing this, there must not be any airs of triumph on the part of the fair sex. The men have whispered already that the economical world is divided into two parties, the *Alkaline* and the *Acid.* To the former belong almost all the ladies; to the latter, with few exceptions, the gentlemen. In this controversy it is easy to tell which will eventually prevail.

As long as the beauty of the ladies shall please the eye, or their grace delight the fancy, so long shall the alkalescency of their cause tend to compose the world, by tempering the tartness and neutralizing the acidity which is constantly issuing from the other party.—Whenever this dispute is properly settled, I expect the phrases "my lovely or my pretty alkali," will become terms of endearment in the mouths of the gentlemen.

In effecting this salutary reform, every woman in the sea-port towns of the United States should engage: they should persuade their husbands, fathers, sons, and brothers, that the method of securing houses from pestilence is known already, and has been long practised within doors. I hope it is not impossible to convince them that the means of exterminating infection on one side of a wall, will not fail to do it on the other; and that the lime and alkalis which destroy it in the parlour and kitchen, will as surely destroy it in the yard and the street.

Tell them how Nature has guarded the helpless unhatched progeny of birds from the operation of pestilential vapors by calcareous shells; and that some of the eggs are whitewashed like your *rooms*, and others spotted like your *paper hangings.* Inform them that such testaceous creatures as have little or no power of moving themselves from place to place, are doomed to lie or crawl on the earth's surface, either beneath the waters or above them, are guarded against pestilential fluids by calcareous coats of mail; and that, secure under cover of his lime-built house, the snail can inhabit the sickly marsh, and the oyster thrive amidst the putridity of mud. Bid them observe where, like your sanded floors, extensive tracts of country are bestrewed with lime; or, like your chamber-walls, whitewashed with chalk: the people who dwell there generally escape the ravages of pestilence. And show them on the map where Rhode-Island and Barbadoes, the shires of England and the departments of France, the Appenines and the Alps, afford ample testimony of the fact.

It is doubtless on account of the wonders done in these ways, by women in house-keeping, as well as on account of their beauty, that the charge of *Witchcraft* has been fixed on the sex. A witch was therefore equipped with a *broom*, and possessed the power of allaying tempests by throwing *sand* into the air. What they effected by natural means has been ascribed by superstitious men to magic. Go on with your witchcraft, and initiate men as fast as you can into its mysteries. Direct them into the right way of proceeding, and train and tutor them with all kindness and patience. But be sure you make them learn; and if you cannot bewitch them with the Reason and Truth of the thing, there is no other alternative than to beat it into them with the *Broomstick.*

## SELECT SENTENCES.

HAIL pure friendship!—thou art something which none can truly taste, but those of warm passions, and a refined genius.

"Nice Honor was surely thy sire,
Soft Sympathy calls thee her child,
Enthusiasm gave thee her fire,
Sensibility nurs'd thee—and smil'd."

Love begins with love: no warm passion ever succeeds an ardent friendship.

Do some wise men know, that even prejudices, and follies, may result from sensibility? and that the reason *they* are *not prejudiced* and *foolish*, may have been that they were *insensible?*

Some men talk sensibly, and act foolishly: some talk foolishly, and act sensibly. The first laugh at the last, and the last cheat the first.

Vanity is the *poison* of agreeableness; yet, like some other poisons, properly and artfully applied, has as salutary an effect in commerce and society, as in medicine.

The man of humor, the droll, he who enchants the whole listening circle with the spirit and fire of his wit, if another, who excels him in the same way, is introduced into the company, will not only appear *less*, but will shrink into nothing. Thus, if you let the beams of the sun into the room, they will put out the fire.

Are we not *all* ready to confess our faults in the *plural?* yet, *who* does not deny them in the *singular?*

What nice distinctions are to be made in the characters of mankind? Contempt for money, and profusion have the same line of separation between them that virtue and vice have.

There are things which we are in *doubt* whether to call very good, or very bad, though we are *sure* they are one or the other. As "wit is nearly allied to madness," so there is but a very "narrow boundary" between the utmost excursions of wit and the first sallies of phrenzy. When Milton talks of "visible darkness" of "prodigies produced by nature" of "death that lives," and "life that dies," we know he has *reached* the last verge of propriety—we are apt to doubt if he has not *passed* it—so, when Pope supposes Newton to be shown by angels, as a monkey is by men, our taste is as much in doubt about his propriety, as our judgment is about that of Milton,

"Friendship is to love, what an engraving is to a painting."—*True:* the brilliant colors of the painting fade; *the print always remains the same, till it is annihilated.*

Taste is not dangerous, except when the pursuit of its objects is the constant employment of our time.

Persons must *love something in common*, before their love for each other can be durable. What, except *VIRTUE*, can we love, without fearing that jealousy, or oppsition of interests, will diminish the warmest friendships.

## EXTRAORDINARY PHENOMENON

THE following account of a most extraordinary phenomenon of nature, may be depended upon for its authenticity. This singular man is probably still alive—he was living, to the writers knowledge, six years ago.

Int he village of Ditcheat, four miles from Shepton Mallet, Somersetshire, in the year 1765, a woman of the name of Kingston, was delivered of a stout boy, without arms or shoulders. He possessed, without the usual appendages of arms, all the strength, power and dexterity of the ablest and most regularly made men, and exercises every function of life. He feeds, dresses and undresses himself; combs his own hair, shaves his beard with the razor in his toes, cleans his shoes, lights his fire, writes out his own bills and accounts, and does most every other domestic business. Being a farmer by occupation, he performs the usual business of the field, fodders his cattle, makes his ricks, cuts his hay, catches his horse, and saddles and bridles him with his feet and toes. He can lift ten pecks of beans with his teeth; with his feet throws a large sledge-hammer farther than other men can with their arms; and he has fought a stout battle, and come off victorious. In 1789, he married a young woman. These facts are notorious in most parts of Somersetshire.

Yours, &c. L. N.

## UNFORTUNATE CATASTROPHE

MR. and Mrs. Sidney, of Lemon St. Goodman's fields, a short time since, learned that a young female was in great distress in their neighborhood. They immediately determined to visit her, and to alleviate her misery if possible. They found her young, beautiful, and unfortunate; at the age of twenty-two, sinking into the grave with a broken heart, and, to deepen the scene, an infant at her breast looking in vain for that support she was unable to bestow. The following is her affecting story:—The daughter of very respectable parents in Holland; she became attached to a young man of Brussells, but of inferior rank. Her friends refusing their consent to their union, they eloped and came to this country about a year since. On their arrival in Dorsetshire, they were married, and, unacquainted with the language, they wandered about, and at last reached London. By that time their money was spent, no friend to apply to, no prospect opening to replenish it, they met with the *crimp* who was engaging men for the East-Indies, and the husband enlisted with him, under the most positive promise, that he would take care of the wife, who was far advanced in a state of pregnancy. Eight weeks since, he sailed. Their parting is not to be described. It was for ever. All the horrors of her situation broke upon her mind, without a friend in this country, or a shilling; for when the ship had sailed the crimp refused to pay the money her husband had sold himself for. In this state she was taken ill, and, after great sufferings, had an innocent partner in her misery. This sunk her more, and she refused all manner of sustenance, and seemed determined to terminate her existence. Every kindness in the power of her landlady, a very poor but benevolent woman, was shown to her. In this situation Mr. and Mrs. Sidney visited her. It was not casual assistance they offered. They took the sufferers to their home. Miss Sidney, as an administering angel, attended on the fair invalid; and, while by medicine she soothed her disease, poured the balm of comfort into her afflicted mind. But it came too late; the hand of death had siezed her & claimed her for its own. On Friday fortnight she died; on the previous day having swallowed her wedding ring, that death should not separate her from the first pledge of her husband's love. The gentlemen of the Dutch vestry heard her story, and they are always ready to assist foreigners, particularly from their own country, expressed their intention of becoming the protectors of the mother and child. She was afterwards very decently enterred, at their expense. They placed the child at nurse, and have written to Holland, in the hope of discovering its natural protectors, and who, perhaps, never would have been found out, as the mother could not be prevailed on to disclose their names, or give any clue to them. The child has since died, and the same gentlemen had it interred at the side of its unfortunate mother.

*Lon. Pap.*

SAMUEL BALDWYN, a gentleman of Hampshire, England, had, by his will, in the year 1736, ordered that after his decease his body should be thrown into the sea beyond the Needles, which was accordingly complied with. On making enquiry into his motives for the singular distribution of his remains, it was discovered that he made it for the purpose of disappointing a young wife, who had frequently assured him, by way of *consolation*, that she should *dance upon his grave.*

# The Visitor.

*SATURDAY, August 24, 1805.*


## LIST OF DEATHS IN N. YORK.

The city inspector reports the death of 77 persons during the week ending on Saturday last.

Of CONSUMPTION 10—bilious cholic 1—cold 1—convulsions 7—decay 1—dropsy 1—drowned 1—dysentary 3 bilious fever 1—slow fever 1—typhus fever 2—infantile flux 36—intemperance 1—pleurisy 2—sprue 3—still-born 1—teething 4—and one of sudden death by drinking cold water.

Of whom 9 were men—7 women—25 boys—and 36 girls.

Of whom 38 were of and under the age of one year—13 between 1 and 2—8 between 2 and 5—2 between 5 and 10—2 between 10 and 20—8 between 20 and 30—3 between 30 and 40—5 between 50 and 60—and 1 between 70 and 80.

At a court of general sessions of the peace held for the city and county of New-York, at the city hall of the said city, on Tuesday the 13th day of August inst. there were convicted, viz. Grand Larceny 20—Petit Larceny 9—Perjury 1—Bigamy 1—Assault and Battery 1—.

*Extract of a letter from a gentleman in St. Mary's county to his friend in this city, dated July 25, 1805.*

On the 12th inst. there was a negro woman delivered near this of a dead child, Its head, neck and ears resembled that of a squirrel, with a piece of loose skin on its forehead, that by pulling it asunder the teeth appeared resembling those of a squirrel; its body appeared like that of a flying squirrel, with membrances reaching from the fore to the hind legs; the body was covered with hair. Its tail resembled the tail of our common wild rabbits. The singular and disgusting production was viewed by a number of respectable persons of both sexes.

*Nat. Intel.*

The King of Prussia has offered a premium of 200 ducats to the author of the best essay, and one of 100 to the author of the next best essay, in answer to the following queries:—1st. Is it ascertained that the virus of the yellow fever attaches itself to inanimate substances; and does it attach itself without any diminution of the contagious power, so as to be capable of communication at a distance by mere contact with the infected substances? Admitting the possibility of this communication, it is required to state a series of facts in proof of it.—2. Is it true that the virus of the yellow fever is produced by that malady alone, and that it is contained in one or more animal excretions?———— 3. Have chemical processes been employed to ascertain the essential character of the malady in question? and are there any chemical processes which can act as preservatives against its effects? 4. For what space of time does this malady retain its contagious energy; and how long are cloathes impregnated with it, capable of communicating it? 5. Are the maladies which, under the name of Yellow Fever, have prevailed in North America, the South of Spain, and at Leghorn, of the same nature, and have they the same symptoms, the same effects, and the same origin? 6. Is the yellow fever an endemic disease and confined to the sea coast?

A circumstance which created no small disappointment, occurred a few days since, in a neighboring village. The clergyman of the parish had engaged two men to clean out his well, for which they were to be liberally paid exclusive of what they might find therein; when after nearly accomplishing their undertaking, they discovered a bottle in which was contained the following inscription.

Whoever desires to be enriched, let them dig at the West end of the steeple, and they will find 300 marks, deposited there during the disturbances in Oliver Cromwell's time.

Such an insatiable thirst for wealth had their good luck excited, that nothing could induce them to resist recovering the buried property until it was acknowledged to be an hoax, invented by some pupils of the reverend divine.

*Eng. pap.*

In a Charleston paper is advertised the sale of 40 prime young African Negroes, imported in the sloop *Love and Unity*. The name of the vessel, and the cargo, seem to be rather ill assorted.

## EXTRAORDINARY SUCCESSION OF ILL FORTUNE.

An unbroken series of misfortune runs through every scene of the lives of some men; others have periodical returns of sunshine and of shade.—The following anecdote, which we believe to be authentic, shows such a rapid succession of ill fortune, as is not often known. It teaches an useful lesson of patience, and its conclusion will furnish an antidote to despair. During the period of the last war, a respectable tradesman and ship owner of Sunderland sailed from Hull, in one of his ships for Memel, where the ship was burnt. He then took passage for Leith, in a vessel which was cast away on Memel bar. He engaged another passage in a third vessel, which to his great disappointment, sailed without him.

He embarked in a fourth vessel, and arrived at Elsineur, where owing to some accident, he was again left behind.—— From Elsineur he sailed in the fifth ship which was captured by the French, who landed him at Mendal in Norway. Fearful of again falling into the hands of the enemy, he applied to Captain Gunter, who generously gave him a passage in the Nautilus, which was wrecked in Filey bay. Thus in about three months, he ran through as many adventures, and experienced as many dissappointments as are sometimes strewed over a whole life.

A machine has lately been put into the Secretary of state's office, by a Mr. John M'Bride, of South Carolina, but late from Tennessee, and a patent taken

out for securing the profits thereof to the ingenious inventor. This machine, which is called the *Columbian Spinster*, is so contrived as to gin, card, and spin, at the same time, it is operated on by one person who is perfectly adequate to the whole direction of it. This model spins 12 threads, and Machines may be so enlarged as to spin any greater number. The machine requires no other attendance than the person who feeds it with the seed and cotton, who also turns the wheel by which the operations are carried on. It might be advantageously worked by water; the owner of the present model finished one of 15 threads (which he left in Tennessee) that by great exertions, extended each thread 7 yards in a minute. Many ladies and gentlemen of Washington and Georgetown have seen his model, and expressed the highest satisfaction at it.

We wish our ingenious countryman success in his invention, and we sincerely hope he may be rewarded in the sale of his machines. No doubt a discerning public will see their utility and avail themselves of the use of so valuable an article,

### MARRIED.

*Lately, in Hertfordshire (England) Mr. James Young, a strolling player, to Miss Clorinda Sogir, a mulatto, with a fortune of £9000 sterling, Some years since, an Attorney wooed the fair damsel, but, unfortunately for him, she had a great aversion to a limb of the law. She afterwards fell in love with a young Divine, who in his turn, declared that the accomplishments of Miss B. however transcendant, could never induce him to form a connexion with a black woman. The son of the sock and buskin thought otherwise, and was very happy to obtain possession of her charms—more than equal to two Benefits.*

*On Tuesday last, Mr. James M'Kean to Miss Abigail Bennett, both of this city.*

*Lately in Yorkshire (Eng.) Mr. John Ring, to Miss Mary Porter.——After the ceremony was performed, on enquiry, it was found they were brother and sister-in-law——The officiating clergyman apprehensive that he had acted improperly in uniting this pair, attempted to unmarry them; this novel ceremony he performed by taking the bride's bonnet from her head and placing the Church Bible there; but the charm proved not sufficiently powerful —the loving couple insisted on the validity of the marriage, and firmly resisted the dangerous innovation of attempting to untie the hymeneal knot*

### DIED.

*At Halifax, N. C. on the 3d instant, in the 50th year of his age, Mr. Abraham Hodge, printer of the North Carolina Journal, a native of the state of New York, and an active and useful auxiliary during the war of the revolution.*


*JUST PUBLISHED,*

*And for sale by* J. HEWITT,
At his Musical Repository No. 59
Maiden Lane,

*WHA WANTS ME.*
*Sung with great applause by* MISS DELLINGER.

JUST LIKE LOVE.
Sung with great applause by Mr. HODGKINSON.

THE DEATH OF WILLIAM.

*AH! FATAL WAS THE MORNING.*

THE MAID OF THE MEAD,

THE BABY'S HUSH-A-BYE,

*Scales, Weights, & Measures.*

ABRAHAM CARGILL,
*PUBLIC SEALER OF WEIGHTS, MEASURES, SCALE BEAMS, & YARDS,*
*No.* 250, *Water-street.*
*Four doors West of Peck Slip;*
*Where he continues to carry on his Manufactory of Tin, Copper, Brass, Sheet and Iron, Ware; and keeps on hand, a general assortment of Scales Weights, and Measures, with a variety of Japan'd Pewter and Hollow Ware.*
*N. B. Weights and Measures Adjusted and Sealed at the shortest notice.*

W. S. TURNER,

*Informs his friends and the public, that he has removed from No.* 15, PARK, *to No.*71 *Nassau-street, where he practices* PHYSIC, *and the profession of* SURGEON DENTIST.

*He fits* ARTIFICIAL TEETH *upon such principles that they are not merely ornamental, but answer the desirable purposes of nature, and so neat in appearance that they cannot be discovered from the most natural.——His method also of* CLEANING *the* TEETH *is generally approved of, and allowed to add every possible elegance to the finest set without incurring the slightest pain, or injury to the enamel.—— In the most raging* TOOTH-ACHE *his* TINCTURE *has rarely proved ineffectual, but if the* DECAY *is beyond the power of remedy, his attention in extracting* CARIOUS TEETH *upon the most improved* CHIRURGICAL *principles is attended with infinite ease and safety.*

*Mr. TURNER will wait on any gentleman or lady at their respective houses, or he may be consulted at No.* 71 *Nassau St. where may be had his* ANTISCORBUTIC TOOTH-POWDER, *an innocent and valuable preparation of his own from chymical knowledge. It has been considerably esteemed the last ten years: and many medical characters both use and recommend it, as by a constant application of it, the* TEETH *become beautifully white, the* GUMS *are braced, and assume a firm and healthful red appearance, the loosened* TEETH *are rendered fast in their sockets, the breath imparts a delectable sweetness, and that destructive accumulation of* TARTAR, *together with* DECAY *and* TOOTH-ACHE *prevented.*

*The* TINCTURE *and* POWDER *may likewise be had at G. & R. Waite's store, No.* 64, *Maiden-lane.*

*VALUABLE INFORMATION*

*to those who are subject to the Tooth-ach.*

*BARDWELL'S Tooth-ach drops, the only Medicine yet discovered which gives immediate relief from this tormenting pain.*

*Since this efficacious medicine was first made public, many thousand persons have experienced its salutary effects. The following recent case is selected from a numerous list.*

*Extract of a letter recently received.*

*Gentlemen,*

*"I had been tormented with the most excruciating pain in my teeth and face for nearly two months, and could obtain no relief from various medicines which I tried. Being strongly recommended to try Bardwell, Tooth-Ache Drops, I procured a bottle, and applied them according to the directions, and also bathed the side of my face with them, which was exceeding sore occasioned by the long continuance of violent pain. In a few minutes after I applied this valuable medicine, the pain entirely ceased, and has never troubled me since. I feel real pleasure in making this acknowledgment of their merit, not only in compliment to you for so happy a discovery, but to insure the public confidence in a medicine so highly deserving, and from which mankind are likely to derive such eminent services. It is certainly the most efficacious medicine I ever heard of. You have my permission to make this letter public.*

*ELIZABETH CASEMORE.*

*No.* 15, *Thomas-Street, New-York.*
*Price, One Dollar.*

*Sold by appointment at Messrs. Ming & Young's No.* 102 *Water-Street, Mr. Lawrence Bowers,* 433 *Pearl-street, & wholesale and retail at Stoke's & Co's. Medicine Warehouse No.* 26 *Bowery Lane.*

## LEDYARD'S PRAISE OF WOMEN.

THRO' many a land and clime a ranger,
With toilsome steps I've held my way,
A lonely unprotected stranger,
To all the stranger's ills a prey.

While steering thus my course precarious,
My fortune still has been to find,
Men's hearts and dispositions various.
But gentle Woman ever kind.

Alive to every tender feeling,
To deeds of mercy always prone;
The wounds of pain and sorrow healing,
With soft compassion's sweetest tone.

No proud delay, no dark suspicion,
Stints the free bounty of their heart;
They turn not from the sad petition,
But cheerful aid at once impart.

Form'd in benevolence of nature,
Obliging, modest, gay, and mild,
Woman's the same endearing creature
In courtly town and savage wild.

When parch'd with thirst, with hunger wasted,
Her friendly hand refreshment gave;
How sweet the coarsest food has tasted!
What cordial in the simple wave!

Her courteous looks, her words caressing,
Shed comfort on the fainting soul;
Woman's the stranger's general blessing
From sultry India to the Pole.

## A LIBEL on WOMEN.

*Extract from the* "Honey Moon," *just published at New-York.*

COUNT and ROLANDO, meeting.

*Rolando.*— * * * * I met three women—
* * * * * three loud talking women!
They were discoursing of the newest fashions,
And their tongues went like—I have since been thinking
What most that active member of a woman
Of mortal things resembles——

*Count.*——Have you found it?

*Rolando.*——Umph! not exactly——something like a smoke-jack;
For it goes ever without winding up:
But that wears out in time——there fails the simile.
Next I bethought me of a water-mill;
But that stands still on Sundays: woman's tongue
Needs no reviving Sabbath. And, besides,
A mill to give it motion waits for grist;
Now whether she has aught to say or no,
A woman's tongue will go for exercise.
In short I came to this conclusion:
Most earthly things have their similitudes,
But woman's tongue is yet incomparable

## ELEGY

### *ON THE DEATH OF A COW.*

ATTEND, ye sympathizing friends,
With lengthen'd *phiz*, and open ears;
My tale of sorrow will require,
At least a bucket full of tears.

There liv'd an honest sober cow,
Near yonder stack, as people say,
Who chew'd her cud with serious face,
And calmly eat her meadow hay.

She did not gamble, nor get drunk,
Was neither given to cards nor wine,
Was neither quarrelsome nor rude,
To hooking she did not incline.

She did not slander, lie, nor swear,
Her words were innocent and few,
In all her actions she behav'd,
As circumspective cows should do.

But all her virtues naught avail,
The Fates who over cows preside,
Had will'd her death, and she poor cow!
Alas! was taken sick and died!

Attend, ye sympathizing friends,
Ye friends of oxen, cows and steers,
And mourn her virtues with your sighs,
And salt her bed with briny tears!

*(Port Folio.)*

## THE POOR MARINER.

O GOD! have mercy in this dreadful hour
On the poor mariner! in comfort here
Safe sheltered as I am, I almost fear
The blast that rages with resistless power,
What were it now to toss upon the waves——
The maddened waves and know no succor near;
The howling of the storm alone to hear,
And the wild sea that to the tempest raves;
To gaze amid the horrors of the night
And only see the billows' gleaming light;
Amid the dread of death to think of her,
Who, as she listens sleepless to the gale,
Puts up a silent prayer and waxes pale!
O God have mercy on the mariner.

**N. SMITH,**

Chymical Perfumer from London, at the New-York Hair-Powder and Perfume Manufactory, the Rose No. 114, opposite the City-Hotel, Broad-Way.

Smith's improved Chymical Milk of Roses, so well known for clearing the skin from scurf, pimples, redness, or sunburns; has not its equal for whitening and preserving the skin to extreme old age, and is very fine for gentlemen to use after shaving—with printed directions—6s. 8s. and 12s. per bottle, or 3 dollars per quart.

Smith's Pomade de Grasse, for thickening the hair and keeping it from coming out or turning grey; 4s. and 8s. per pot, with printed directions.

His Superfine white Hair Powder, 1s. per lb.
Do. Violet, double scented, 1s. 6d. do.
His beautiful Rose Powder, 2s. 6d. do.

Highly improved sweet scented hard and soft Pomatums, 1s. per pot or roll, double, 2s. do.

His white almond Wash-ball, 2s. and 3s. each.
Very good common, 1s. Camphor, 2s. 3s. do.
Do. Vegetable.

Gentlemen may have their shaving boxes filled with fine Shaving Soap, 2s. each.

Smith's Balsamic Lip Salve of Roses, for giving a most beautiful coral red to the lips; cures roughness and chops, leaves them quite smooth, 2s.—4s per box

His fine Cosmetic Cold Cream, for taking off all kinds of roughness, and leaving the skin smooth and comfortable, 3s. and 4s. per pot.

Smith's Savonnette Royal Paste, for washing the skin, making it smooth, delicate, and fair, to be had only as above, with directions, 4s. and 8s. per pot.

Smith's Chymical Dentrifice Tooth Powder, for the Teeth and Gums, warranted, 2s. and 4s. per box.

Smith's purified Chymical Cosmetic Wash-ball, far superior to any other for softening, beautifying and preserving the skin, with an agreeable perfume, sold with printed directions, 4s. and 8s. each.

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*And for Sale at the Book Store and Lottery Office of*

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July 26, 1805.


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